THE SALT LAKE HERALD

Published Every Day in the Year

BY THE HERALD COMPANY

Terms of Subscription:

DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, 75 cents; three months, $2.50; one year, $10.00.
SUNDAY—One year, $2.00.
SEMI-WEEKLY — (In advance), one year, $1.50; six months, 75c.

Eastern Offices, W. J. Morton in charge—150 Nassau street, New York; 87 Washington street, Chicago.

Subscribers wishing address of paper changed must give former as well as present address.
All papers are continued until explicit order is received to discontinue. All arrearages must be paid in every case.

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MR. HEARST'S POSITION.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that William Randolph Hearst will support the nominee of the Democratic national convention, no matter who that nominee will be, will cause gratification to all Democrats. In words whose meaning cannot be mistaken, Mr. Hearst has declared that he has no intention of bolting the St. Louis convention. With all of his newspapers and with all of his personal influence he will work for the success of the party. That is the sort of talk we like to hear.

Whoever the candidate nominated and whatever the platform adopted at St. Louis may be, Mr. Hearst will undoubtedly be able to find in the man and in the platform more of good than he can find in the Republican nominee and platform. Democrats who are Democrats will take what they can get if they cannot get all they want in the matter of men and principles. There is no hope for any patriotic Democrat in Republican success. That is what any well organized bolt from the St. Louis convention would mean.

The country will not tolerate bolters or the tickets of bolters. That was pretty thoroughly demonstrated in the campaign of 1896 when the Palmer and Buckner ticket received only an infinitesimal fraction of the total vote cast. The Palmer and Buckner people were well organized, they had an abundance of money and they stumped the entire country. They accomplished what was doubtless their purpose, the election of McKinley, but it will be many years before the men who were prominent in the Palmer and Buckner movement will be forgotten or forgiven.

Now it would be a good idea for William Jennings Bryan to announce his position with reference to the ticket to be nominated at St. Louis. He should follow Mr. Hearst's example, at least to the extent of saying whether he will or will not bolt.

VALUE OF RIGHT LIVING.

LOVERS OF BASEBALL throughout the country have been talking much recently about the wonderful feat of Cyrus Young, a pitcher for the Boston American league team, in retiring the Philadelphia team without a hit or a run. In the nine innings that constituted the game not a Philadelphia batsman reached first base. This means that Young did not hit a batsman nor did he give a base on balls. Every man who knows anything about baseball will appreciate the fact that no more wonderful performance has ever been given. The record is one that may, at some date in the distant future, be equaled, but manifestly it cannot be exceeded.

Young's pitching was simply baseball perfection. And the remarkable feature, to us, is the fact that Young is an old man, as baseball pitchers go. For more than fifteen years he has been pitching in the so-called big leagues. All that time he has been a steady, consistent player. During those fifteen years he has seen other baseball stars rise and set, but his has shone steadily. He has seen players in all departments of the game play brilliantly for a few seasons and then drop back into the obscurity from whence they came.

The average period of usefulness for a pitcher in a major league does not exceed five years. The secret of his success is not hard to find. Always he has been temperate, always careful in his habits, always watchful of the talent that has enabled him to become what he is—the greatest veteran of his day. We do not, unfortunately, often look to the baseball field for examples of deportment, of temperance, of sobriety.

Comparatively few players take the care of themselves that they should; comparatively few lead plain, simple lives. And that is why so many drop out of the game while they are still young men. What an example for the younger players, and, indeed, for all of us, is the example of Young. It teaches us that the man who makes the best use of his talent, the man who jealously safeguards it even at the cost of many fleeting pleasures, is the man who lasts longest, whether he is a baseball player, a lawyer, a doctor, or what not.

If "Cy" Young had not been temperate, if he had followed in the footsteps of so many who have gone before him, he would not be in the game today, the recognized chief of them all. It is high time the secret of his success was generally recognized.

DIVORCE AND THE LAW.

SOME RATHER REMARKABLE facts about the growth of the divorce evil are set forth in an appeal to the public from Rev. W. H. Roberts, secretary of the inter-church conference on marriage and divorce. The conference represents all the largest of the Protestant communions, and the appeal is the first of a series of articles intended to arouse public opinion to the danger rising out of the facility with which divorces are sought and granted.

Dr. Roberts recognizes the necessity of an educated public sentiment as a preliminary necessity in the reform sought. He says that statistics for 1902 show that Maine had one divorce for every six marriages. New Hampshire, 1 to 8.3; Vermont, 1 to 10; Indiana, 1 to 7.6; Michigan, 1 to 11. These are startling figures, but it would have been fairer if the proportion had also been given for the whole country. Very few of the southern states have any such proportion of failures in marriage, and the percentage for the whole United States is less than half the proportion in Maine, for instance.

In South Carolina the only plea recognized as ground for divorce is a statutory offense, and the other states of the south are almost as rigid in their regard for the permanence of the marriage relation. The Catholic church, as is well known, is very slow to celebrate the marriage ceremony for divorced persons, and then only under exceptional circumstances and after careful verification of the facts.

Unquestionably, too, many marriages are made hastily and without the consideration of the future that would be imposed by a knowledge that the ceremony constituted an irrevocable bond. Unquestionably, too, it would be better for the morality of the nation if a uniform marriage law, with rigid restrictions as to cause for divorce and proof of facts alleged were enacted and placed under federal jurisdiction. The laxity of present divorce laws lies quite as much in the way they are administered as in the broad grounds allowed as a basis for action. If the courts were more careful in their scrutiny of evidence and more severe in their construction of causes for action, there would be less reason for complaint as to the laws under which they act.

The conference plea also sets forth the evils arising from the willingness of ministers in one communion to perform ceremonies of remarriage for divorced people who cannot secure rites from their own communion. Possibly a refusal to act in such cases might have some effect, but it could not be definitive so long as the civil marriage ceremony alone is sufficient to legalize the marriage. Whether ministers consented to the ceremony of not, officers of the law would always be found ready to officiate, and the deterrent effect of a religious ban would at the best be ineffective.

At the foundation of the whole problem lies the need of education from childhood which shall instil a high view of the sacredness of marriage. All the laws that could be enacted must fail unless public sentiment is brought to a realization of the danger to the individual and the nation which threatens from a low view of the matrimonial obligation.

TO DESTROY BACILLI.

FROM WASHINGTON comes the announcement that George T. Moore and Karl F. Kellerman of the agricultural department have discovered a copper solution that will destroy typhoid and other germs in large bodies of water. The expense attending the operation is said never to exceed $8 per million gallons of water, including the cost of labor. Experiments have shown that this copper solution, very much diluted, will eliminate from water at an ordinary temperature virulent cholera as well as typhoid bacilli. Says an account of the discovery:

"At ordinary temperature one part of copper sulphate to 100,000 parts of water destroys typhoid and cholera germs in from three to four hours. The ease with which the sulphate can then be eliminated from the water seems to offer a practical method of sterilizing large bodies of water when this becomes necessary.

"The use of copper sulphate for the prevention of disease is regarded as incidental and is not designed in any way to supplant the efficient preventive measures now in use. It is believed, however, that up to this time no satisfactory means of thoroughly, rapidly and cheaply sterilizing a reservoir has been known. Since the selective toxicity of copper sulphate renders it fatal to pathegenic forms peculiar to water, while the saprophytic-bacteria are unaffected, the method is particularly well adapted for this purpose."

The first question the average individual will ask in this connection is: Does the use of the copper solution so impair the taste of the water as to render it undrinkable? The answer of the experts is a negative one. They declare that the water is not only not rendered undrinkable but that, so mild is the solution, it does not change the taste of the water in any way. If all that is claimed for the process is true it would seem that in it lies the possibility of solving one of our greatest problems, the rendering of the water supply of cities absolutely free from harmful germs.

The experimenters say that care and prudence must be exercised in the use of the solution. The same percentage of copper will not do for all water. Before it is used it is necessary to ascertain the quality of water, the sort of germs it contains, its temperature and other important facts. Each body of water, it is said, must be treated with reference to the special conditions surrounding it. The bulletin soon to be issued by the agricultural department on this subject will be read with interest throughout the nation.

We are authorized to deny indignantly that the recent increase in the price of eggs has anything to do with the Press club's "Ham Show," which is to be given in the Theatre tonight and tomorrow night. Besides, only fresh eggs have gone up.

There is great anxiety among the Russians as to where the Japanese commanders will strike next. Well, they at least have the consolation of knowing that the soldiers at the point where the Japanese do strike will be incapable of any anxiety forevermore.

Governor Chatterton of Wyoming is going to demonstrate the proposition that it is not always safe to go clear across the ocean and there libel an American. He has sued a Frenchman for libeling him and the chances are that he will collect a big judgment.

The Salt Lake girl whose mother locked her out because she sat on the porch with a young man until 9:30 in the evening has a legitimate kick coming. Nine-thirty is hardly the "shank of the evening."

The assessed value of Salt Lake county is something over $45,000,000. That looks as if we were growing very nicely, thank you.

Those St. Petersburg explanations read as though Corbett's press agent had got a job with the czar.

Some Southern Stories.

A MEMPHIS man was running a big steam automobile along a country road ten or twelve miles out of town one day this spring. He was going at a good clip when he saw turning a corner a quarter of a mile ahead an ancient wagon, drawn by an old white mule. On the driver's seat sat an old negro man and a "nigger mammy," with a red bandanna bound round her head. They were evidently man and wife. The moment they caught sight of the automobile both showed great alarm. The man stopped his mule, pulled him as far to one side of the road as possible, and both he and his wife jumped out of the wagon. The mule was perfectly calm and self-possessed. It paid no attention whatever to the approaching terror. But its owners were both terribly excited and frightened. Plainly, it was the first time either of them had seen an "auto."

The minute the old negro struck the ground he pulled off his coat and threw it over the mule's head. He was evidently determined at least to save his faithful friend from the pain of watching the terrible engine which was coming to grind them all to powder. The old negro woman clambered up the high bank at the side of the road and hid behind the trunk of a big oak tree, peering out at the automobile with a look of terror.

Closer and closer came the automobile. The mule made no sign of fear, while the old man, still holding his coat over the animal's head, shivered almost audibly. Just as the machine came to a full stop even with the mule that patient beast tossed its head, throwing the coal holder and the coat to one side of the road. Then the mule, its long ears flapping mournfully, gave a single glance at the auto and turned to pluck a neighboring thistle. Its curiosity was satisfied.

The man in the machine could not resist the temptation to give a shrill toot on his whistle. The mule did not even deign to look around, while the old man, who had joined his wife on the bank above, out of the reach of danger, shot around behind the trunk of a big sycamore tree. The automobilist burst into laughter. His mirth proved contagious. Presently the old woman came out from behind her tree, laughing herself.

"Foh duh Lawd, white man," she said, "you done scait me wuss dan you scait duh mule!"

No stronger light can be thrown on the negro problem in the south than by reprinting the sole and only notice which was taken of the killing of thirteen negroes in Arkansas county, Arkansas, by the leading newspaper of that county.

The fighting in and about St. Charles, in which more than a dozen negroes lost their lives, took a good part of the time and attention of several score of white residents for almost a week. Night after night, as related in the Tribune, the white men picketed the country roads and marshaled all the negroes who could be found into gangs which were marched in to be locked up at St. Charles.

The leading paper of that county is the Stuttgart Free Press, which announces on its first page that "no strings are tied to this sheet." The Free Press goes to press on Wednesday of each week. The trouble at St. Charles began on a Tuesday. The Free Press of that week contained no mention whatever of the breaking out of the race war. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday after its publication were marked with bloodshed. Thirteen negroes were killed and three white men wounded, all of them slightly.

A careful search was made of the next issue of the Free Press to find what it might have to say in regard to the sensation. At the first attempt nothing at all was found. Then the paper was read through, line by line. Finally, on an inside page, a half column of country correspondence from the village of De Witt was discovered. It was from De Witt that a large part of the men rode who were responsible for the killings. And in the center of that little batch of items stating that "the election passed off quietly here and everybody is ready to go to work" and that there was a "heavy frost Sunday night," appeared this paragraph:

"The excitement at St. Charles is about played out. It was started by negroes knocking two white men in the head with a table leg."

That was absolutely all, but it was sufficient to indicate one of the most significant and dangerous angles of the race problem—that the life of a negro is looked upon by a great many people in the black belt of the south as of no more importance than that of a yellow dog.

A southern man who was questioned about the race problem by a northerner answered by telling this story:

Once there were two boys, schoolmates, brought up in the same town and always good chums. They both moved to a large city. One of the boys prospered greatly and quickly. Within ten years he had acquired a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars. The other boy did not fare so well. In the same length of time he had got together only a few thousands. The poor man was jealous of his rival's success. One afternoon the two men met at a club and the poor man took advantage of the opportunity to cross-question his old playmate.

"I'd like to know, Bill," he said, "why you've got along so much better and so much faster than I have. We were raised together, went to school together, and I never thought you had any more brains than I have. Now, tell me what's the secret of your success?"

"Jack," answered Bill, "do you remember old Jeff Hawkins who used to keep store there in the postoffice block in our old town?"

"Yes, I remember him."

"Well, one day my father told me that old Jeff got rich by minding his own business."

The rich man stopped and waited to see the effect of his rebuke on his questioner. But it did not make the slightest impression.

"No wonder," answered Jack. "He had a monopoly."

Two years ago two men from Chicago were the guests for a day of an extremely rich and prominent old man in Memphis. Their host had been a member of Forrest's famous cavalry during the war, and was noted as a fire-eater. One afternoon the old man and his two northern guests got on a street car together at one of the principal street corners in Memphis.

It happened that one side of the street car was pretty well filled. At one end of the other seat half a dozen people were sitting, leaving more than enough room to accommodate the new comers. But midway in this vacant space sat a young and loudly dressed negro man.

The young negro looked up as the three white men entered the car, but made no sign of moving over so as to leave space for the three of them to sit down together. The old southerner said nothing. He sat down beside the negro, put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and pulled out a small and dainty penknife. Deliberately he opened the smallest blade of this knife—and reaching over jabbed the negro in the leg with it. The negro gave a wild yell of terror and leaped from the car. Still calmly and deliberately the old man closed his knife, put it back in his waistcoat pocket, and, with a courtly gesture to his two friends from the north, who were still standing, said:

"Sit down, gentlemen."

Nor did he ever again refer to the incident. As for the two men from the north, they were too greatly astonished to call attention to it.—Chicago Tribune.

PRICES AND PROSPERITY.

Men With Small Incomes Passing Through a Trying Time.

(Milwaukee Journal.)

The people of the United States are becoming used to counting private fortunes in millions. And the people are apt to forget sometimes that these big fortunes are not their own.

We measure up the wealth of our millionaires and call it evidence of our prosperity. But the truth is it is evidence of general poverty.

All these millions come out of somebody. And that somebody is the public.

True, many immense fortunes are made through the creation of new wealth, and many more are made through the creation of fictitious values. But, after all, the dividends on the big capitalization come out of the people.

In the house of representatives Representative Granger of Rhode Island has recently made some statements in reference to the increase in the cost of living and the relative increase in wages. He bases his figures on the reports of Dun and Bradstreet from 1897 to the present time.

He declares that in the past year alone, from March, 1903, to March, 1904, the cost of living increased 6 per cent, and of this increase 1½ per cent of it was added during the month of February last.

It is astonishing, Mr. Granger said, how even the most ordinary articles of food have gone up in price within the period under discussion. Cabbages, for instance, have gone up 100 per cent; flour, from $1 to $3 a barrel; bread, potatoes and meats of all sorts have become dearer and, hence, harder to get.

But there has been no corresponding increase in wages. On the contrary, there have been reductions and shutdowns of mills.

So the burden of increase falls heaviest on the man who receives a salary. It is he who pays for the brilliant-hued bubbles that the employers blow.

Big industrial combines control not only the prices of their products, but the price of their labor, and they control both to their own advantage.

It is enchanting to view the enormous private fortunes that have been built up in this country in the last few years and to claim them for our country. But we would be a far more comfortable, more prosperous and more progressive people if this wealth were more equally distributed.

There is no question that the past year has been an exceedingly trying one for those whose incomes are small and either stationary and diminishing.

The satisfaction and pride we have in contemplating the vast fortunes of our millionaires affords poor recompense.

Poison Failed to Work.

(Philadelphia North American.)

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania, who takes almost as much delight in possessing fast horses as he does automobiles, had been troubled at his home in Pennsylvania with rats about his granaries. A peddler came along one day selling Mexican rat poison. Mr. Sibley bought a quantity and spread it about his grain houses. The rats lived and multiplied.

A year later the peddler came again.

"Didn't you sell me some Mexican rat poison?" asked Mr. Sibley.

"Yes, sir," the peddler answered.

"It is no good," Mr. Sibley complained. "It hasn't killed a rat that I know of."

"Well, maybe the rats about your place are not real Mexican rats," the peddler said.

The Rale Railroad.

(Judge.)

"Misther O'Tunder," said Mr. O'Toole, "can ye tell me wan thing?"

"Of kin tell ye more nor thot," asserted Mr. O'Tunder.

"Thin tell me this: Is a railroad a rale road?"

"It is not, Misther O'Toole. A rale road is wan thot has harses on it an' a railroad is wan thot hasn't, by raison av th' fact thot a harse hsn't th' convayniences fer walkin' on a railroad thot it has on a rale road."